

The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 45, NO. 27

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1912.

PRICE THREE CENTS

New Soda Fountain

Best soda and other drinks made fresh every day, all drinks, also grape juice and coca cola 5c. Pure ice cream and crushed fruit and other fruit, cakes and cigars, and all kinds of candies and roasted peanuts. We claim them to be pure and fresh. Come and try us.

MIDDLETOWN CANDY KITCHEN
T. G. Tomkey, Prop.
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

4TH OF JULY ORDINANCE

At a meeting of Town Council, held on Wednesday evening, June 4th, an Ordinance was passed prohibiting the firing of all large fireworks, or sending up balloons, etc., within the Town Limits on July 4th or at any other time.

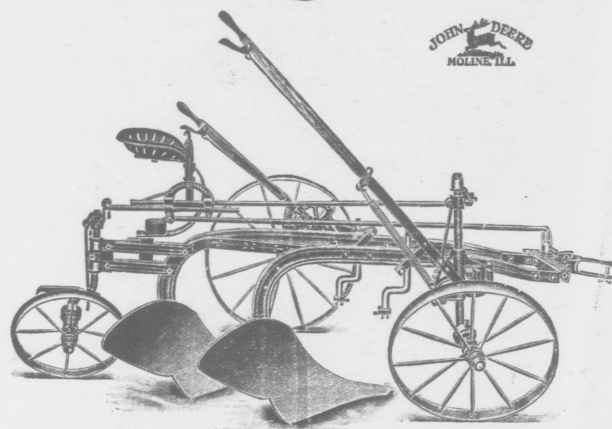
By order of
TOWN COMMISSIONERS.

CHIROPODY
MRS. JAMES

Corn, bunions, ingrowing nails or any afflictions of the feet antiseptically and painlessly treated by graduate chiropodist. Also Shampooing, manicuring and Scalp Treatment. Hair Combing made up in the latest style.
HIGH STREET, ODESSA, DEL.

J. F. McWhorter & Son

The John Deere Riding Gang Plow



This is the plow that runs so light, and so easy to handle. We sold 14 of these plows in 1911 to the following farmers, and if you are going to buy a gang plow this season would like you to ask any of the 14 what they think of it, and we feel sure you will have more praise from these 14 users than it would

be possible to hear from any 14 men who have used any other make of gangplow: Frank S. Cayton, Chesapeake City, Md.; Edgar C. Eison, Chesapeake City, Md.; Samuel F. Jones, Mt. Pleasant; Abram Jones, Port Penn; F. E. Walker, Delaware City; Edgar Carrow, St. Georges; Archie W. Biggs, Earleville, Md.; Chas. P. Spicer, Richard Whiteoak, Middletown; J. P. Algire, Middletown; Howard Cullen, St. Georges; Samue McGim, Earleville, Md.; R. G. Buckworth, Middletown; Eugene Paxon, Middletown.

We sell them guaranteed to run lighter to 4 horses than any 3 horse plow does to 3 horses and to do perfect work in every particular.

J. F. McWHORTER & SON
Middletown, Delaware

ESTATE OF Alexander Maxwell deceased notice is hereby given that Letter-Testamentary upon the Estate of Alexander Maxwell late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto James B. Messick on the 24th day of May A. D. 1912 and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Executor without delay and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Executor on or before the 11th day of May A. D. 1913, or abide by the law in this behalf.

JAMES B. MESSICK, Executor
Address Martin B. Barris, Esq., Attorney
Law Middletown, Del.

ESTATE OF James B. Baker deceased Notice is hereby given that ancillary letters of Administration upon the Estate of James B. Baker late of Aberdeen Maryland, deceased, were duly granted unto William H. Bayless and George Harold Baker on the 11th day of June A. D. 1912 and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administrators without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Administrators on or before the 11th day of June A. D. 1913, or abide by the law in this behalf.

William H. Bayless,
George Harold Baker
Ancillary Administrators.
Address William H. Bayless, Esq. Fidelity Building, Baltimore, Md.

DELAWARE COLLEGE

NEWARK, DELAWARE
Reopens Sept. 12, 1912

Entrance Examinations, Friday and Saturday, June 21 and 22, and Tuesday and Wednesday, September 10 and 11. For Catalogue and other information write to

GEO. A. HARTER, President

WHAT ABOUT THAT JOB OF

Plumbing

Call and let me give you an estimate before you give your order. I am in a position to give you the very best materials in all branches of the plumbing trade. All work guaranteed to be satisfactory. I can do your

PLUMBING, STEAM FITTING, Pump and Well Work
Or furnish you with a "BUTLER" Wind Mill or Hay Track on short notice. If you need anything in my line, a post card will bring me to your home.

LONG DISTANCE PHONE NO. 70

JOHN B. SPICER

P. O. Box 31,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

S. E. MASSEY,

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE.

Also a Large Stock of

Cut Glass

Howard Watches

Gillette Razors

Repairing and Silversmithing a Specialty.

We also handle the

WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN.

S. E. Massey,

Middletown, Del.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH

SECTIONAL

Bookcases

The man who has only a dozen books needs a bookcase, but he doesn't need one that will take up the whole side of his room. The "Y and E" Sectional Bookcase may be adapted to any space and is easy to move—simply detach the sections—a boy can put them up. I am sole agent for this section.

General Furniture.

CARPETS, WINDOW SHADES

UPHOLSTERING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Funeral Director and EMBALMER

J. H. EMERSON,

Middletown - Delaware

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS OF THE PENINSULA

DELAWARE

John Wallace lacerated his left arm in falling from his carriage in Wilmington.

R. H. Davis and S. J. Messick, of Frankford, have been elected to Council in that town.

A Milton canning factory has sold its entire plant in less than a week after turning it.

Postmaster Ebe T. Lynch, of Lewes, has appointed Miss Tabitha Kearney his assistant.

Dr. Joseph Carrow and Frank Davis have been elected members of the Odesa School Board.

Captains of fishing steamers report plenty of fish, but find them very wild and hard to catch.

Nearly drowned in his first dive, John T. Toman was rescued at New Castle by John McCaffrey.

A new disease is attacking the watermelon vines in Sussex county and a depleted crop is feared.

The Milford Board of Education has paid all its floating indebtedness and has \$100 in the sinking fund.

James Johnson, colored was stabbed several times by Edith Cole, in a quarrel in their Wilmington home.

A load of buckshot frightened robbers away from trying to enter the house of T. J. Pyle at Georgetown.

Ladies of the Bridgeville W. C. T. U. have erected two cement drinking fountains in different parts of Bridgeville.

Horace S. Allen, member of a brick making company at Esmerle fell into the machinery and badly lacerated an arm.

Dr. C. R. Layton lost a valuable cow Saturday when it strayed out of its pasture at Georgetown and ate Paris green.

Caught in a chain at a New Castle steel plant one of John Remsey's fingers was torn off and several of Irving Manning's injured.

Leonard Tari, of Philadelphia who is employed in Newark, fell from a ladder, broke a leg and had to be sent to a Wilmington Hospital.

Coroner Chandler of New Castle county is investigating the finding of the body of a male infant floating in the Christina River at Wilmington.

Arthur E. Stevenson, of Reading, while fishing at Red Lion fell into several feet of water but was saved by his brother and Edward Peichmann.

George Jackson, colored was fined \$10 and costs in the Wilmington City Court for an assault upon a white boy who refused to play crap with him.

Ex Speaker Joseph Cannon and Congressman Mann Republican House leader are cruising around the Breakwater this week in the revenue cutter Onondaga.

At the annual school election in Georgetown Saturday R. G. Houston and Dr. O. D. Robinson were re-elected and G. Roland Messick was made a new member.

Mrs. Edward Harris, of Philadelphia, while in New Castle, turned an ankle while stepping from an automobile and fell, spraining the ankle and breaking the wrist.

A 30-minute schedule will be substituted for the day half-hour runs between New Castle and Wilmington by the Wilmington & Southern Traction Company, beginning Sunday.

A gasoline launch which plies between Milton and New Jersey carrying country produce, has become so busy that an another boat has been put on and passengers will be carried.

The contest for the position of teacher of the Franklin School at State Road has been closed with the re-election of Miss Maude Denning by popular vote of the residents of the school district.

A 16-foot stone road is to be built at once from Dover to Cooper's Corner by order of Levy Court Commissioner Donoho, as a result of the questionable status of the Dover boulevard project.

The \$100,000 Wilmington bonds recently sold to a New York broker have been signed by Mayor Howell and City Treasurer Lednum, and the money delivered to the city for street improvements.

Pleading guilty in the United States Court in Wilmington to selling intoxicating liquors without paying a Government tax Charles Hood, colored was fined \$100 and sent to the workhouse for six months.

MARYLAND

The recent festival netted Union Hospital, Elkton, \$90.25.

Hundreds of Cecil county walnut trees are being felled and exported.

Wayland near Oxford, Benjamin Felpel of Principia, was robbed of \$9.

The Wisconsin County Commissioners have fixed the tax rate at 9 1/2 cents.

Eighty-five guests attended a barn raising on the Lonis Crothers farm near Green horse.

While climbing a fence, Stuart Drennen, of Havre de Grace, fell and broke his right leg.

The 52-acre Brickley farm, near Farmington, has been bought by Ellis M. Terry for \$1280.

The fourth anniversary of the opening of St. Patrick's Church in Havre de Grace was celebrated Sunday.

Fifty guests attended the all-day seventy-fifth birthday celebration of Salvester Bowlsby at Zon Saturday.

Katherine Heister, of Newark, Del., has been appointed teacher of Welsh Tract school, near Iron Hill.

A New York landscape architect has been commissioned to improve the campus of Tome School, Port Deposit.

Miss Laura McGinnis, of Havre de Grace, has accepted a position as head nurse in the Roman Catholic Hospital, Va.

B. B. Worth has resigned as vice principal of Belair High School to take a course at Johns Hopkins University.

A horse owned and driven by Edward Williams, of Woodlawn, fell dead near North East breaking its neck in the fall.

The stage of the Rising Sun Opera House will be extended over the pavement and the building lengthened 20 feet.

Dr. C. W. Perkins, of Chester, Pa., has sold his 300 acre farm on Otter Creek to the W. Loughby Beach Company for \$11,000.

Dr. Norman T. Kirk, of Rising Sun, has been appointed first lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps, United States Army.

Sixteen members of the Wilmington Y. M. C. A. have started their annual encampment near Town Point, along Elk River.

The official members of the churches of the Concord Circuit have decided to hold their annual encampment beginning Aug. 2 and continuing 10 days.

For drawing a revolver on Deputy Sheriff Miller, Justice Joshua M. Ash, of Elkton, fined Mrs. Hattie R. Jones, of Chesapeake City, \$10.

Kenneth Roosevelt, son of former President Roosevelt is the guest of J. Ross Street, of Jarrettsville, where he is receiving lessons in fox training.

The Harford County School Board has awarded D. J. Stannard, of Blair, a contract to erect a two-room schoolhouse for colored children in Havre de Grace for \$2275.

The annual reunion of the Reformed churches of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware and the District of Columbia will be held at the Blue Mountain House, July 19th.

Although residing within six miles of each other, Miss Maggie Wicraft, of Tome Institute, Inn, met her nephew, Ira Wicraft, of New Bridge, last week for the first time in 50 years.

His horse taking fright at an automobile, Edward Simmers and his sister, Miss Emma Simmers, of Woodlawn, were thrown out of their carriage, the latter sustaining painful injuries.

WHY BACK TO THE LAND?

The farm journals have records of hundreds and hundreds of farmers who move to the city and back to the farm. Much, if not most of the farmers' profits during the last decade or two have been made in the increase in the value of his land, and to "cash this in" he has to move to cheaper land. But this moving is not "back to the land." The back-to-land movement is a movement of people out of the cities. A-k the farmer about hand he will shake his head. But even the most pessimistic farmer realizes that it is a better time to go on the land now than it has been at any previous time. And in return for small help and hard labor the man who goes back to the land recovers his independence and secures a chance to work irrespective of hard times and strikes.

Those young men who go out of the cities to the land as their first job are no worse handicapped in farming than they would have been in any other occupation. They know little of any occupation.

Those who have done other things and who later in life go back to the farm are at a disadvantage, but many of them in the fruit basin, on irrigated lands, or by truck gardening, perhaps than on the farms that grow staple crops. And there is a vast volume of testimony from American men who have gone back from the cities to the country, of independence and prosperity found on the land. Besides these, the Swedes still go to the North west and till the soil and grow prosperous. In a little town in New York it is a habit of the bankers to lend the newly arrived Hollanders money enough to buy land because for years every Hollander that has come has made money in various places Italian colonies have been successfully founded.

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS

USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

Know your brood sows.

Clean the poultry houses.

Chickens like sunflower seeds.

Kerosene emulsion is easily made.

A horse that is trained with out blinds, is usually the safer horse.

Young pigs are peculiarly subjected to various kinds of intestinal worms.

It is better to give the orchard clean cultivation than to raise crops in it.

It is better to have a dirty floor than a dirty, dusty atmosphere during milking time.

The bull which is closely housed is apt to become ugly. Give him plenty of exercise.

Leave a horse untied when hooked to a vehicle and he will be likely to be gone when you return for him.

Fine gravel is not the proper grit for poultry. They want a sharp material with which to grind their food.

Expert orchardists recommend seeding the orchard to crimson clover—or rye to be plowed down the following spring.

In localities where aster, goldenrod and other fall blooms abound it is well to look for surplus even in September.

An hour's work with a sharp wire at the foot of your peach trees killing borers may mean an extra bushel of fine peaches.

A tree can be bridge grafted in less than half an hour, and it is better to take this time to do it than to let a valuable tree die.

Go over the young apple trees and cut off every water sprout with a sharp knife close to the trunk. Do it early and they will heal this season.

To do well the cows should be turned dry something like six weeks before freshening. This is good for the calf, rests the cow and develops the udder.

Give the chickens grit.

Kill the peach borers.

Don't overlook the young chicks.

Alfalfa makes an excellent roughage.

The rent in the clothes will not pay the rent on the farm.

Include the hen houses in your spring house cleaning.

The true dairy cow is easily affected by unfavorable conditions.

Do not make too violent crosses. Select your breed and stick to it.

The Babcock test is just as accurate as the man who uses it.

The lime sulphur mixture is a good remedy for the oyster shell scale.

Don't keep eggs for hatching longer than ten days or two weeks at most.

Milk at 90 degrees is about the temperature at which it separates best.

Oats should form the basis of all grain mixtures for fattening poultry.

Get the silo lever yet? It's spreading over the country in great shape.

If rabbits have gnawed only the outer bark wrap the wound with cloth.

Barley and oats, as well as wheat, are usually improved in quality on flax land.

Working the soil when it is wet will make it coarse and lumpy the whole season.

As soon as your lettuce is large enough feed it to those chickens you are fattening.

There is no better way by which the corn crop can be used than through the silo.

You can not make as good a slag from dry cornstalks as you can from mature green corn.

The real value of an egg for food lies inside the shell and is not indicated by color of shell.

Plant a row of the large, tame sunflowers along the fence for hen feed at moulting time next fall.

The strawberry is one of the small fruits which apparently thrive better in acid than in alkaline soils.

The fleece of the ram should be dense even in quality and of a strong, clear white fiber throughout.

A pure bred bull is often a poor-bred bull. Pedigree and performance are not interchangeable words.

It is to the poultryman's interest to keep his stock to the best type, healthy and vigorous all the time.

You will appreciate the difference between low-headed and high-headed trees when you are picking the crop.

A half day's work in the orchard with the manure spreader will show up when apples are ripe next summer.

You should know the working qualities of your sows; watch them from the time they farrow and see how they treat the little fellows.

The average cow ought to have four to six weeks' rest each year. A good time to dry them off is just as they begin to make an udder.

Coal oil will often soften the oil paint brushes used last year. Place them in a can of the oil and wash them well in warm soap suds.

Feather pulling may be checked by dissolving powdered alum in water and washing the feathers of the birds that have been plucked.

To keep up a heavy milk flow a cow must have all the water she can drink for every 100 pounds of her milk contains 87 pounds of water.

Every garden for the home should have grapes and many market gardens could be made more profitable by growing this splendid fruit.

Wean the calves without suckling.

Be gentle with all the animals, especially the dairy cow.

Damaged feed has no place in the ration of any farm animal.

Sorghum is considered one of the most valuable forage crops.

Short pastures should be guarded against by the use of the silo.

Sore shoulders are the sign of an ill-fitting collar, past or present.

A few days' wait if the seed corn is not tested, may pay large dividends.

USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

Green peppers stuffed with fresh green corn and baked make a dainty luncheon dish.

A fine grater is better than a knife for removing the surface of anything that is burned.

In washing faces that have become stained with perspiration first wash them with cold water and soap, and after the stains are removed put them into warm water.

To clean a vinegar cruet put a teaspoonful of lye in it and then fill it with water. Let this remain in it a few days and then rinse the cruet out thoroughly, when the cruet will be perfectly clean.

A good way to bleach handkerchiefs, when it is not convenient to hang them out of doors, is to wash them and let them soak over night in water in which cream of tartar has been dissolved.

Warm weather ironing has its problems in keeping the sadiron hot enough without making the room too warm. A large baking pan placed upside down over the irons causes them to heat over a low fire.

To clean silver put a quantity of sour milk in a shallow pan and place the articles in the milk, letting them remain there till they become bright. Afterward wash them in warm water which contains a few drops of ammonia and your silver will be bright and clean.

Any stove blacking will stay on longer and be free from dust if a few drops of molasses are added to the blacking before using.

Teach the children to open beds and windows wide before leaving their rooms in the morning, and when it is time to make up the beds, the room will be well aired.

Kerosene is a magic cleaner. Wipe off the boiler with a damp cloth dipped in kerosene. The sink will be kept free from grease and streaks if wiped with a kerosene cloth.

When food has burned in a kettle or saucepan, remove at once and add a little soda and cold water and boil. It will then be easy to clean the dish after it soaks awhile.

When moving day comes, the door of success will be opened with the key of system. Follow a plan and keep a note book, if memory is faulty, and much will be saved of work and hunting when the time for unpacking comes.

China should be packed in barrels with the edge of each plate and saucer down. Excelsior or hay is a good medium for packing should have an additional wrapping of paper or cotton batting.

If the rugs are rolled on poles they are easily placed.

Once a week put salted or some equally good grease remover in the sinks and drains and follow with a good flushing of hot water.

When putting anything very hot into glass dishes set the dish on a wet cloth and the danger of cracking is lessened.

When dusting a sick room, use batting after over hot water, then burn the batting after using and all danger from germs will be avoided.

A bottle of glue that has been opened will be kept free from sticking if a little lard or fat of any kind is rubbed around the edge of the bottle before the cork is replaced.

Use salt water and a brush to clean bamboo furniture, then rub very dry with soft cloth.

Ivory handles that have become blackened may be cleaned by rubbing them with lemon dipped in salt.

A few drops of paraffin added to the shoe blacking will impart a good polish to damp shoes and also help to preserve the leather.

To give a pleasant flavor to asynnaise use vinegar that has been previously used over pickles, beets or cucumbers instead of fresh vinegar.

Scratches on furniture will disappear if rubbed well with a solution of equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine. Rub this well into the scratches and then polish with a soft cloth.

To improve oilcloth dissolve a pound of glue in a quart of water over the fire, then rub it lightly over the oilcloth with a piece of flannel and leave it to dry. If possible do this in the evening so that the oilcloth may not be walked on till the morning. This treatment adds to the durability of the oilcloth, besides improving its appearance.

Odd pieces of fruit, such as one banana, an apple or orange are mixed with lemon gelatin to advantage.

Tough steak should be chopped a bit mixed with diced potatoes and then baked. Grated cheese over this dish improves the flavor.

A sauce of baked beans can be heated with catsup in a pan and a spoonful of butter and use flour to thicken the batter.

Old bread just now takes a new form in bread crumb cakes. Soak the bread in buttermilk and use flour to thicken the batter.

Be careful never to use too much butter in cake. Use a scant amount rather than what the rule calls for, and it will save many a poor cake.

Scraped raw potatoes put into decanters with cold water, will clean them in for two or three days.

The fading of colored articles is due often not to the washing but to the ironing. Too hot irons are used directly on the material, and this will more quickly fade delicate colors than any amount of washing. The effect is even worse than strong sunlight. In cleaning out the bureau drawers and closets do not throw or give away underclothing that is much worn. By cutting the buttons and seams off these pieces make the very best of dust rags, mop cloths and cloths for cleaning woodwork or paint.

COME TO ODGEN-HOWARD CO. A SQUARE DEAL OUR GUARANTEE.

The Next Thing: A Home!

And, of course, Odgen-Howard's is the most logical place to get it from. We've proven it, too, in years of the BEST service in furnishing homes. There would be a great many more boardings but for our easy WEEKLY CREDIT PLAN.

For \$1.50 a Week-Complete Three-Room Outfit

How many people would have pianos but for the easy payment plan?

Our credit plan is still simpler

<

The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
—AT—
Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware

T. S. FOURACRE.
LONG DISTANCE PHONE NO. 37.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter
MIDDLETOWN, DEL., JULY 6, 1912

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

The Chicago Convention, though not wanting in political strenuousness, was after all rather a quiet Sunday School picnic compared with that of our Democratic friends at Baltimore, where, according to the press dispatches, "a free for all mix-up" occurred on the closing day of the convention, in which a dozen or so men were "upon the floor" at one time, not in a parliamentary, but in a literal sense, pummeling each other as vigorously as though the fate of the Nation depended upon the outcome of their lively fistfights!

Yet after all, that long and turbulent session was a great occasion and made some right notable history. Not a few sons of Anak were to be seen in vigorous action upon that stirring field. But high above them all towered the gigantesque figure of William Jennings Bryan—the American Warwick whose mephistophelean could make or unmake something vastly greater than English Kings, to wit, American President.

His utter domination of that vast body of strong men, by the power of his superb oratory, by his political sagacity and his personal courage—a domination that swayed their conflicting purposes to his own will and that too, despite a highly organized and powerful political machinery—was one of the finest spectacles ever beheld in any Convention. Indeed, so totally did he overpeer even his tallest contemporaries there, that one is almost tempted to think of him as possessing the fabled stature of 120 feet that the Talmudists ascribed to Adam!

TORIES EATING CROW
It is amusing to watch the editorial grimaces of the reactionary Democratic newspapers the country over at being compelled to swallow this unwelcome dish of Progressive Wilsonism.

No fiercer, no jeer, no snicker at Governor Wilson was too unfair or too brutal for these Trust loving Tory organs, and now alas! thanks to that giant magician Bryan—whom these same Tory organs hate as cordially as they do Wilson himself—he, their jester and their scorn is set in the very forefront of Democracy's battle, their honored standard bearer! But oh! what a dish of crow!

Our wise City Dads scored an other point in securing for the town the quietest 4th it has had for many a long day. It was their new ordinance that "turned the neat trick!" It gratifies THE TRANSCRIPT to have so often a just occasion to sing their praises. When they enforce their paving notices upon the chronic, old pavements so long eyesores to our town, and give Middletown something of the smooth, level sidewalks found in other towns and even in small villages, about us, we will send up a long and loud "Banzai" on their behalf.

MORE TAIL THAN DOG
The *Evening*, whose comments upon the Democratic presidential nominee, Governor Wilson, have for months, been caustic enough, after a diverting wriggle to crawl back decorously and yet not damn him with faint praise, sums up its Wilson-Marshall ticket as a rather poor dog, but with a very superior tail. And yet for the life of us we want quite see how these caudal virtues will be able to save the presidential canine! If it were a case of a flying squirrel, now, the tail might play an important part in steering the other end—but it's a dog!

PORT PENN
Miss Margaret Kelly, of Wilmington, is visiting her sister, Roy Zichnis. Mrs. H. M. Faunce is entertaining this week Miss Clara Snyder, of Philadelphia. George Webb and wife entertained last week their son, Elwood and wife, of Ridgely Park.

Elwood Denny and wife are entertaining their sister, Miss Margaret Denny, of Middletown. Mrs. Reba Willey and daughter, Mrs. George Isaacs have returned to their home in Lewes and Georgetown, after spending a week as the guest of Mrs. Willey's brother, Cornelius Conard. Richard Yearley and wife had as their guests on Sunday, James Cannon, wife and son, Clem Cannon and wife, of St. Georges.

"This store will close during July and August at Six o'clock, except on Saturdays."

J. B. MESSICK.

"Shock Cottage"
Cor. Olive Avenue and Boardwalk
REHOBOTH, DELAWARE
Delaware's popular resort. Fine cuisine and dining-room. Seating capacity 100. Open June 11th. For terms address
MRS. M. C. BARNETT.
Rehoboth, Del.

Building Materials

We keep in stock at all times a full supply of Building Material, such as Georgia Heart and North Carolina Pine Framing, also Georgia Heart and North Carolina Kiln Dried Flooring, Ceiling and Partition, best in the World and No. 1 Florida Heart Cypress Shingles and the famous Waccamaw Cedar Shingles, Roberoid, Galvanite and Paroid Felt Roofing. Galvanized Iron Roofing and Builders' Hardware, Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Blinds, Brick, Hair, Lime and Cement.

Hard and Soft Coal under Cover, the kind that does not clinker, once tried always satisfied.

SHORT & WALLS Lumber Company

SECURITY

TRUST & SAFE DEPOSIT CO.
SIXTH AND MARKET STS.
Wilmington, Del.

Prompt & Efficient Service
Latest and Best Methods

—In—
Banking
Administration of Estates
Management of Real Estate
Storage of Valuables

CAPITAL..... \$600,000
SURPLUS..... \$600,000

Special!

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE CELEBRATED
Whiting's Choice Stationery!
This Stationery usually retails from 25c to 45c. For the next thirty days we will sell this lot for only

25c Each
ERNEST A. TRUITT
Graduate in Pharmacy
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

NOTICE TO OPERATORS OF MOTOR VEHICLES

All motor vehicles operating or standing upon the streets of the town of Middletown, Delaware, shall from one hour after sunset until one hour before sunrise show at least one white light visible not less than two hundred feet toward the direction in which the vehicle is proceeding and one Red Light shall be shown visible in the opposite direction.

By order of
TOWN COMMISSIONERS
Middletown, Delaware, July 3, 1912.

FIRE INSURANCE

Town Property, Farm Buildings, and Stock
TORNADO INSURANCE
Insure now against damage from wind storms
Life and Accident Insurance
GEORGE D. KELLEY,
Middletown, Del.

Chairs Cained

—BY—
MRS. W. D. KING
East Main Street
Orders Respectfully Solicited

Notice—Dividend

NEW CASTLE COUNTY, NATIONAL BANK, Odessa, Del., July 3d, 1912.
The Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of THREE and ONE-HALF PER CENT, clear of taxes. Payable on and after the 10th instant.
JOS. G. BROWN, Cashier.

NOTICE—DIVIDEND

THE PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK OF MIDDLETOWN, MIDDLETOWN, Del. June 29th, 1912
The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of THREE (3) PER CENT for the last six months, payable on and after Monday, July 1st, 1912
G. D. KELLEY, Cashier

NOTICE—DIVIDEND

CITIZEN'S NATIONAL BANK, Middletown, Delaware, July 3d, 1912
The Board of Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of FOUR (4) PER CENT clear of Taxes, payable to the Stockholders on and after July 15, 1912.
JOHN S. CROUCH, Cashier

For SHERIFF OF NEW CASTLE CO.
Walter S. Burris
OF NEW CASTLE HUNDRED.
Subject to the decision of the Republican voters.

1912
For Receiver of Taxes and County Treasurer
Robert M. Burns
Subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries.



are made from High-grade animal Tankage.
Sold in any quantity from 25 pounds to carload lots. Guaranteed as to analysis and mechanical condition. Sure crop growers.

To the Farmer Who Thinks Think twice and see our local representative; it will pay you before you give your order.
Our competitors grow rich—necessarily farmers poor. See us Mr. Farmer for right prices.

JOS. P. ALGIRE
Representative
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Medicus Fertilizer Co., Inc.
1524 Chestnut St., Phila.
ALL OUR GOODS ARE MANUFACTURED AT NEWPORT, DEL.

Mrs. Rosa Weber

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
ICE CREAM, WATER ICE, Etc.
Middletown, Delaware

Charles Schuman

Hand-Made Harness
Repairing a Specialty
West Main Street
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.



The Telephone is An Extra Clerk

Suppose you could hire another clerk who would be head-salesman, order clerk, and messenger boy all in one. Would you, if you could get him for a tenth of the profit you could teach him to make for you? Of course you would!

Such a clerk is a Bell Telephone, and thousands of merchants take orders from hundreds of thousands of customers over it every day.

If you're getting along without telephone service, you're not getting the profits your competitor is.

Ask the Business Office for rates, to-day.

THE DIAMOND STATE TEL. CO.
E. P. BARDO, Manager,
Wilmington, Del.

JAMES J. ROSS, President Wm. DENNY, Secretary and Treasurer
—INCORPORATED 1847—
Kent County Mutual Insurance Co.
DOVER, DEL.

Insures Property Against Fire and Lightning
BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE MUTUAL SYSTEM
Has Returned to its Policy-Holders in Dividends and Surrendered Policies over \$500,000.00

Present Membership Over Eight Thousand, With Over
\$11,000,000.00 INSURANCE IN FORCE
AGENTS
J. A. JESTER, Agent, Delaware City, Del. D. B. MALONEY, Agent, Townsend, Del.
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

Studebaker
FLANDERS
Automobiles
Two Models

If You Were an Expert, What Car Would You Buy?

The time has passed when automobiles can be sold to you on their appearances or claims. This is a day when you and every purchaser must be shown what the car for which you pay your money will actually perform; what it will do. Beware of an automobile salesman who attempts to beguile you with a pleasing story. Tell him to show the goods and prove to you that his cars are worth the money. Find out whether his car is a real car or only an assembled automobile built to sell.

You have a right to your money's worth, but it is up to you to see that you get it. Deeper than all appearances, there are a few expert tests which ought to be applied to every car.

Who makes the car? Is it an assembled car or made from top to bottom by one manufacturer? What kind of a guarantee is on it? Does the manufacturer respect his own product with a real guarantee, or does he want you to take the chance? What do parts cost you and how conveniently can you get them? How many cars of this make are in service and how many are giving satisfaction? Questions like these go deep into the heart of the case, and if you put them rigorously upon any car you will find out with a certainty whether or not that car is worth its price.

We are selling Studebaker E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" cars because we know that, dollar for dollar, their equal is not sold in the market today. The records of many thousands of cars in all kinds of service have convinced us absolutely. Studebaker E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" cars are built to run, and because they run they sell. If we cannot prove to you under the most searching test that Studebaker cars are absolutely the best automobile values in the market, we do not want your business; but we can prove it, and your neighbors who drive these cars will tell you the same thing.

Be an expert when it comes to buying a car. You can, by getting from us some further ideas on real tests of an automobile. Clip the attached coupon and send it to us now because we have something new to tell you which you ought to know, whatever car you have in mind.

The Studebaker Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Enter in Studebaker Export "30" and Flanders "20" car
I'll be glad to loan you a car if you want to make a smart right
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

W. HARMAN REYNOLDS
Agent for Studebaker Automobiles
Townsend, Delaware
Phone No. 28-11

OUR SUMMER Clearance Sale

SUMMER Bargains offered in the Fall and Winter are of little use. Fogel & Burstan have the better practice of giving Bargains to their patrons in the heart of the season, at the time they can be used.

So, following our annual custom, we are going through our entire Summer Stock selecting articles of every kind for the season's use and placing them upon one BIG BARGAIN COUNTER, thus giving our customers the advantage NOW of Summer Goods at lower figures! We make this "After July Clearance Sale" a notable affair every year, and this year will surpass any previous year. Examine the List below:

MILLINERY

Once more our maximum, "No Goods Over the Season!" So we will sell every hat in our store regardless of cost! \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Hats, now **\$1.98**. Hats of different prices, up to \$10.00—**\$3.00**. Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons of all kinds and Fancy Ornaments—all reduced to **one-half!**

Dresses and Linen Suits

All our \$1.50 Dresses, Percalé, Gingham and Lawn, now **98c**. Dresses \$2.50 and \$3.00, now **\$1.98**. Dresses once \$5.00 and \$6.00, now **\$3.50**. Linen Coat Suits \$7.00 and \$8.00 of heavy Linen, now **\$4.98**. Linen and Linene Suits that were \$4.00 and \$5.00, now **\$2.00**.

Wash Skirts

Linen Skirts, **98c**. Pique Skirts, **\$1.25**. Pure Linen Skirts, **\$1.98**. Shirt Waists, 20 different styles, in various trimmings, low and high neck, short and long sleeves, open front and back—Former Prices \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00, now **99c**.

Special Dry Goods

Special Reductions also in all sorts of Dry Goods. These are Famous Reductions of 33, 50 and over 60 per cent! This means, of course, some goods will be sold for much less than cost. That's why we call this, "After 4th Clearance Sale" a Famous One.

FOGEL & BURSTAN

Department Store
Middletown, Delaware

Binder Twine and Harvesting Oils

—AT—
W. S. Letherbury's
Middletown, Delaware

NEW OPENING

Shoe Repairing

Old Shoes made like NEW

Men's Shoes 45c
Ladies' Shoes 35c

L. FROOMKIN
Kates' Old Stand, East Main St.
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

Redgrave Bros.

DEALERS IN
Hardware, Stoves,
Paints, Tin Roofing,
Plumbing
Middletown, Delaware

M. BANNING

East Main Street Market
DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE

We have just received a new line of White Goods for making Ladies' Suits and Waists. You will find some very pretty and dainty patterns in this selection.

Our new Underwear is now in for Ladies, Children and Men.

Have you seen our new Samoset Rugs, 8x10 6 and 9x12? They are durable both in wear and colors, made from wool and fibre. We also have a lot of smaller rugs.

A lot of pretty patterns in Matting from which to select and Crex and Deltrox by the yard or in rugs.

We have just opened up a lot of new dishes in plain white or decorated. Also, a lot of new Porch Rockers, Door Mats, Linoleum, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, etc.

We are sole agents for Dust'roy for Floors, Carpets, Rugs. Sweep without dust. A scientific preparation lays dust and kills germs. It does the work. Brightens carpets and rugs like new. Floors always neat and clean. Try it.

Come and look our line over.

M. BANNING

Phone 60 East Main St.
Middletown, Delaware

IT'S A CURE! THAT'S SURE!

Jones' Break-Up

For over 20 years has Cured
RHEUMATISM

Sciatica, Lumbago and Gout
If you have Rheumatism (any form) get Jones' Break-Up, it will cure you as it has all others who have taken it. Guaranteed to cure all cases.

For Sale by **E. A. TRUITT**
Middletown, Delaware

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
SPECIAL ONE-DAY EXCURSIONS

OCEAN CITY, MD. REHOBOTH, DEL. ATLANTIC CITY

FROM MIDDLETOWN

Thursdays, July 11, August 1 and 15
ROUND \$1.25 TRIP
SPECIAL THROUGH TRAIN

Thursday, July 18, August 8 and 22
ROUND \$1.25 TRIP
SPECIAL THROUGH TRAIN

Sunday, July 28, Tuesdays, August 6, 13 and 20
ROUND \$2.00 TRIP
SPECIAL THROUGH TRAIN

For leaving time of Special Through Trains from all stations, Consult Hand Bills at Stations, or Ticket Agents

TICKETS GOOD ONLY ON SPECIAL TRAIN IN EACH DIRECTION

The Lady of the Mount

by FREDERIC S. ISNAM
AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS UNDER THE ROSE" ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS
COPYRIGHT 1906 BY THE BOBBY-MERRILL CO.

CHAPTER I.

A Chance Encounter.

"Don't you know, boy, you ought not to get in my way," she said, looking at him with a stern expression. The tide was at its ebb; the boats stranded afar, and the lad addressed, with a fish—his wage—in one hand, to walk to shore, when, passing into the shadow of the rampart of the Governor's Mount, from the opposite direction a white horse swung suddenly around a corner of the stone masonry and bore directly upon him. He had but time to step aside; as it was, the animal grazed his shoulder, and the boy, about to give utterance to a natural remonstrance, lifted his eyes to the offender. The words were not forthcoming; surprised, he gazed at a tiny girl, of about eleven, perched fairy-like on the broad back of the heavy steed.

"Don't you know you ought not to get in my way?" she repeated imperiously.

The boy, tall, dark, unkempt as a young savage, shifted awkwardly; his black eyes, restless enough ordinarily, expressed a certain shyness in the presence of this unexpected and dainty creature.

"I didn't see you," he half stammered.

"Well, you should have!" And again the little lady frowned, shook her disordered golden curls disapprovingly and gazed at him, a look of censure in her brown eyes. "But perhaps you don't know who I am," she went on with a lift of the patrician doll-like features. "I don't think you do, or you wouldn't stand there like a booby, without taking off your hat."

More embarrassed, he removed a worn cap while she continued to regard him with the reverse of approval. "I am the Comtesse Elise," she observed; "the daughter of the Governor of the Mount."

"Oh!" said the boy, and his glance shifted to the most important and insistent feature of the landscape.

Carrying its clustered burden of houses and palaces, a great rock reared itself from the bosom of the bay and blinding sands. Now an oasis in the desert, ere night was over he knew the in-rushing waters would convert it into an island; claim it for the sea! A strange kingdom, yet a mighty one, it belonged alternately to the land and to the ocean. With the sky, however, it enjoyed perpetual affiliation, for the heavens were ever wooing it; now winding pretty ribbons of light about its airy turrets; then, kissing it with the tender, soft red glow of celestial fervor.

"Yes; I live right on top among the clouds, in a castle, with dungeons underneath, where my father puts the bad people who don't like the nobles and King Louis XVI. But where," categorically, "do you live?"

His gaze turned from the points and turrets and the clouds she spoke of—that seemed to linger about the lofty summit—to the mainland, perhaps a mile distant.

"There!" he said, and specifically indicated a dark fringe, like a cloud on the lowlands.

"In the woods! How odd!" She looked at him with faint interest. "And don't the bears bother you? Once when I wanted to see what the woods were like, my nurse told me they were filled with terrible bears who would eat up little girls. I don't have a nurse any more," irrelevantly, "only a governess who came from the court of Versailles, and Beppo. Do you know Beppo?"

"No."

"I don't like him," she confided. "He is always listening. But why do you live in the woods?"

"Because!" The reason failed him. "And didn't you ever live anywhere else?"

A shadow crossed the dark young face. "Once," he said.

"I suppose the bears know you," she speculated, "and that is the reason they let you alone. Or, perhaps, they are afraid of the wolf in the fairy tale. Did you ever hear of the kind-hearted wolf?"

He shook his head.

"My nurse used to tell it to me. Well, once there was a boy who was an orphan and everybody hated him. So he went to live in the forest and there he met a wolf. 'Where are you going, little boy?' said the wolf. 'Nowhere,' said the boy; 'I have no home.' 'No home!' said the kind-hearted wolf; 'then come with me, and you shall share my cave.' Isn't that a nice story?"

He looked at her in a puzzled manner. "I don't know," he began, when she tossed her head.

"What a stupid boy!" she exclaimed severely. A moment she studied him tentatively through her curls, from the vantage point of her elevated seat. "That's a big fish," she remarked, after a pause.

"Do you want it?" he asked quickly, his face brightening.

"You can give it to Beppo when he comes," she said, drawing herself up loftily. "He'll be here soon. I've run away from him!" A sudden smile replaced her brief assumption of dignified anger. "He is so angry! He is fat!" she said confidentially. "And he is so fat!"

"What a fish!" she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"It is a very nice fish," she said, looking at the fish in her hand.

"I'm not afraid!" The black eyes

"Then you must be a very wicked boy. It would serve you right if I was to tell."

"You can!"

"Then I won't! Besides, I'm not a telltale!" she tossed her curls and went on. "I've heard my father say these people who want to be called 'gentlemen' and 'monseurs' are low and ignorant; they can't even read and write."

Again the red hue mantled the boy's cheek. "I don't believe you can!" she exclaimed shrewdly and clapped her hands. "Can you now?" He did not answer. "Monseur! Gentilhomme!"

He stepped closer, his face dark; but whatever reply he might have made was interrupted by the sound of a horse's hoofs and the abrupt appearance, from the direction the child had come, of a fat, irascible-looking man of middle age, dressed in livery.

"Oh, here you are, my lady!" His tone was far from amiable; as he spoke he pulled up his horse with a vicious jerk. "A pretty chase you've led me!"

She regarded him indifferently. "If you will stop at the inn, Beppo—the man's frate glance fell. 'Who is this?'"

"A boy who doesn't want to sell his fish," said the girl merrily.

"Oh!" The man's look expressed a quick recognition. "A fine day's work is this—to bandy words with—"

He abruptly raised his whip. "What do you mean, sirrah, by stopping my lady?"

A fierce gleam in the lad's eyes belied the smile on his lips. "Don't beat me, good Beppo!" he said in a mocking voice, and stood alert, like a tiger ready to spring. The man hesitated; his arm dropped to his side. "The very spot!" he said, looking around him.

A moment the boy waited, then turned on his heel and, without a word, walked away. "Soon an angle in the sea-wall, gridding the Mount, hid him from view."

"Why didn't you strike him?" Quietly the child regarded the man. "Were you afraid?" Beppo's answering look was not one of affection for his charge. "Who is he?"

"An idle vagabond."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you?"

"A queer expression agraing into his eyes. 'One can't remember every peasant trait,' he returned evasively. She considered him silently; then: 'Why did you say, 'The very spot'?' she asked."

"Did I? I don't remember. But it's time we were getting back. Come, my lady!" And Beppo struck his horse smartly.

CHAPTER II.

An Echo of the Past.

Immorable on its granite base, the great rock, or "Mount," as it had been called for centuries, stood some distance from the shore in a vast bay on the northwestern coast of France.

To the right, a sweep of sward and marsh stretched seaward, until lost in the distance; to the left, lay the dense Desaurac forest, from which an arm of land, thickly wooded, reached out in seeming endeavor to divide the large bay into two smaller basins. But the ocean, jealous of territory at

ready conquered, twice in twenty-four hours rose to beat heavily on this dark promontory, and, in the angry hiss of the waters, was a reminder of a persistent power. Here and there, through the ages, had the shoreward of the bay, as well as the neighboring curvatures of the coast, yielded to the assaults of the sea; the Mount alone, solidly indifferent to blandishment or attack, maintained an unvarying aspect.

For centuries a monastery and fortress of the monks, at the time of Louis XVI. the Mount had become a stronghold of the government, strongly ruled by one of its most inexorable nobles. Since his appointment many years before to the post, my lord, the governor of the rock, had ever been regarded as a man who conceded nothing to the people and pursued only the set tenure of his way. During the long period of his reign he committed but one indiscretion; generally regarded as a man confirmed in apathy for the gentler sex, he suddenly, when already past middle age, wedded. Speculation concerning a step so unlooked for was naturally rife.

In hotel and hut was it whispered the bride Claire, only daughter of the Comtesse de la Mart, had wept at the altar, but that her mother had appeared complacent, as well she might; for the Governor of the Mount and the surrounding country was both rich and powerful; his name was far and wide, even to the Orient, while the number of metayers, or petty farmers that paid him tribute, constituted a large community. Other gossip, bending over past times within mud walls, affirmed—beneath their breath, lest the spies of the well-hated lord of the North might hear them!—that the more popular, though impoverished Seigneur Desaurac had been the favored suitor with the young woman herself, but that the family of the bride had found him undesirable. The Desaurac fortune, once large, had so waned that little remained save the rich, though heavily encumbered lands and, in the heart of the forest, a time-worn, crumbling castle.

Thus it came to pass the marriage of the lady to the Governor was celebrated in the jeweled Gothic church crowning a medley of palaces, chapels and monastery on the Mount; that the rejected Seigneur Desaurac, gazing across the strip of water—for the tide was at its full—separating the rocky fortress from the land, shrugged his shoulders angrily and contemptuously, and that not many moons later, as if to show disdain of position and title, took to his home an orphaned peasant lass. That a simple church ceremony had preceded this step was but affirmed and denied; hearsay described a marriage at a neighboring village; more malicious gossip discredited it. A man of rank! A woman of the soil! Feudal custom forbade belief that the proper sort of nuptial knot had been tied.

Be this as it may, for a time the sturdy, dark brown young woman presided over the Seigneur's fortunes with exemplary care and patience. She found the count in a chaotic condition; lands had either been allowed to run to waste, or were cultivated by peasants that so long had forgotten to pay the metayer, or owner's due, they had come to regard the acres as their own. Deception this practical helpmate would speedily have dispelled, save that the Seigneur himself pleaded for them and would not permit of the "poor people" being disturbed. Whereupon she made the best of an anomalous situation, and all concerned might have continued to live satisfactorily enough unto themselves, when unfortunately an abrupt break occurred in the chain of circumstances. In presenting the Seigneur with a child, half-peasant, half-lord, the mother gave up her own life for his posterity.

At first, thereafter, the Seigneur remained a recluse; when, however, a year or two had gone by, the peasants—who had settled in greater numbers thereabouts, even to the verge

of the forest—noticed that he gradually emerged from his solitude, venturing to the world at large, and occasionally was seen in the vicinity of the Mount. This predilection for lonely walks clearly led to his undoing; one morning he was found stabbed in the back, on the beach at the foot of the Mount.

Carried home, he related how he had been set upon by a band of miscreants, which later, coming to the governor's ears, led to an attempt to locate the assassins among the

rocky isles to the northwest, haunts of privateers, rogues and those reformers who already were beginning to undermine the peace of Louis XVI.'s northern provinces. In the pursuit of these gentry, the Governor showed himself in earnest. Perhaps his own sorrow at the rather sudden death of his lady, occurring about this time, and leaving him, a morose widower, with a child, a little girl, led him to more relentless activities; perhaps the character of the crime—a noble stabbed!—incensed him. Certainly he revenged himself to the full; not only raked the rocks for runagates, but dragged peasants, inclined to sullenness, from their huts; clapped some in dungeons and hanged the rest.

In the popular mind his name became synonymous with cruelty, but, on his high throne, he continued to exercise his autocratic prerogative and cared not what the people thought.

Meanwhile, the Seigneur Desaurac, recovering, became a prey to greater restlessness; no sooner was he able to get about, than, accompanied by a faithful servant, Sanchez, he left the neighborhood, and, for a number of years, led a migratory existence in continental capitals. The revolt of the colonies in America and the news of the contemplated departure of the brave Lafayette for the seat of hostilities, offered, at least, a pretext to break the fetters of a purposeless life. At once he placed his sword at Lafayette's disposal, and packed himself and servant—a fellow of dog-like fidelity—across the ocean. There, at the seat of war's alarms, in the great conflict waged in the name of liberty, he met a soldier's end, and, having dutifully performed this last task, walked away from the grave and of the army.

During this while the son by the peasant woman, entrusted to an old fishwife who had been allowed to usurp a patch of his father's lands, received scanty care and attention, even when the stipulated fees for his maintenance had continued to come; but when, at the Seigneur's death, they ceased, any slight solatium to the caretaker's part sored to acrimony. An offspring of dubious parentage, she begrudged him his bread; kept him from her own precious brood, and taught them to address him

as "brat," "pauper," or by terms even more forcible. Thus set upon, frequently he fought; but like young wolves, hunting in packs, they worried him to the earth, and, when he continued to struggle, beat him to unconsciousness, if not submission.

One day, after such an experience at the hands of those who had mistaken of the Seigneur's liberality, the boy, all bruised and aching, fled to the woods, and, with the instinct of an animal to hide, buried himself in its deepest recesses. Night came; encompassed by strange sounds, unknown terrors, he crept to the verge of the forest, and lying there, looked out across the distance toward the scattered habitations, visible through the gloom. One tiny yellow dot of light which he located held his glance. Should he return? That small stone hut, so quiet as it was, had been his only remembered home. But the thought of the reception that awaited him there made him hesitate; the stars coming out, seemed to lend courage to his resolution, and, with his face yet turned toward the low long strip of land, sprinkled with the faint, receding points of light, he fell asleep.

The earliest shafts of morn, however, awaking him, sent him quickly back into the dark forest, where all day he kept to the most shadowy screens and covers, fearing he should be followed, and, perhaps, captured. But the second night was like the first, the next like the second, and the days continued to pass with no signs of pursuit. Placed by hunger, certain of the berries and roots he ate, he seemed to have found a new life; but his sufferings and learned to discriminate in his choice of the frugal fare about him. Not that his appetite was ever satisfied, even when he extended his explorations to the beach at night, digging in the sand with his fingers for cockles, or prowling about the rocks for mussels.

Yet, despite all, he hugged to his breast a compensating sense of liberty; the biting tooth of autumn was preferable to the stripes and tongue-lashings of the old life; and, if now frugal repasts were the rule, hunger had often been his lot in the past. So he assimilated with his surroundings; learned not to fear the animals, and, they, to know him; indeed, they seemed to recognize him by that sharp unsated glint of the eye as one of their kind. When the days grew bleaker and the nights colder, he took refuge in a corner within the gray walls of the moss-grown castle of his ancestors, the old Seigneur's. No cheerful place, above all at night, when the spirits of the dead seem to walk abroad, and sobs, moans, and fierce voices fill the air! Then, creeping closer to the fire he had started in the giant hearth, wide-eyed he would listen, only at length through sheer weariness to fall asleep. Nevertheless, it was a shelter, and here, throughout the winter, the boy remained.

Here, too, Sanchez, the Seigneur's old servant, returning months later from long wanderings to the vicinity of the Mount—for no especial reason, save the desire once more to see the place—had found him. And at the sight the man frowned.

In the later days, the Seigneur Desaurac had become somewhat unkindly, if not forgetful, of his own flesh and blood. It may be that the absorbing character of the large and chivalrous motives that animated him left little disposition or leisure for private concerns; at any rate, he seemed seldom to have thought, much less spoken, of that "hostage of fortune" he had left behind; an absent-mindedness that in no wise surprised the servant—which, indeed, met the man's full, unspoken approval! The Seigneur's master, was a nobleman of untarnished ancestry, to be followed and served; the son—Sanchez had never forgiven the mother her low-born extraction. He was, himself, a peasant!

(To be continued.)

rocky isles to the northwest, haunts of privateers, rogues and those reformers who already were beginning to undermine the peace of Louis XVI.'s northern provinces. In the pursuit of these gentry, the Governor showed himself in earnest. Perhaps his own sorrow at the rather sudden death of his lady, occurring about this time, and leaving him, a morose widower, with a child, a little girl, led him to more relentless activities; perhaps the character of the crime—a noble stabbed!—incensed him. Certainly he revenged himself to the full; not only raked the rocks for runagates, but dragged peasants, inclined to sullenness, from their huts; clapped some in dungeons and hanged the rest.

In the popular mind his name became synonymous with cruelty, but, on his high throne, he continued to exercise his autocratic prerogative and cared not what the people thought.

Meanwhile, the Seigneur Desaurac, recovering, became a prey to greater restlessness; no sooner was he able to get about, than, accompanied by a faithful servant, Sanchez, he left the neighborhood, and, for a number of years, led a migratory existence in continental capitals. The revolt of the colonies in America and the news of the contemplated departure of the brave Lafayette for the seat of hostilities, offered, at least, a pretext to break the fetters of a purposeless life. At once he placed his sword at Lafayette's disposal, and packed himself and servant—a fellow of dog-like fidelity—across the ocean. There, at the seat of war's alarms, in the great conflict waged in the name of liberty, he met a soldier's end, and, having dutifully performed this last task, walked away from the grave and of the army.

During this while the son by the peasant woman, entrusted to an old fishwife who had been allowed to usurp a patch of his father's lands, received scanty care and attention, even when the stipulated fees for his maintenance had continued to come; but when, at the Seigneur's death, they ceased, any slight solatium to the caretaker's part sored to acrimony. An offspring of dubious parentage, she begrudged him his bread; kept him from her own precious brood, and taught them to address him

as "brat," "pauper," or by terms even more forcible. Thus set upon, frequently he fought; but like young wolves, hunting in packs, they worried him to the earth, and, when he continued to struggle, beat him to unconsciousness, if not submission.

One day, after such an experience at the hands of those who had mistaken of the Seigneur's liberality, the boy, all bruised and aching, fled to the woods, and, with the instinct of an animal to hide, buried himself in its deepest recesses. Night came; encompassed by strange sounds, unknown terrors, he crept to the verge of the forest, and lying there, looked out across the distance toward the scattered habitations, visible through the gloom. One tiny yellow dot of light which he located held his glance. Should he return? That small stone hut, so quiet as it was, had been his only remembered home. But the thought of the reception that awaited him there made him hesitate; the stars coming out, seemed to lend courage to his resolution, and, with his face yet turned toward the low long strip of land, sprinkled with the faint, receding points of light, he fell asleep.

The earliest shafts of morn, however, awaking him, sent him quickly back into the dark forest, where all day he kept to the most shadowy screens and covers, fearing he should be followed, and, perhaps, captured. But the second night was like the first, the next like the second, and the days continued to pass with no signs of pursuit. Placed by hunger, certain of the berries and roots he ate, he seemed to have found a new life; but his sufferings and learned to discriminate in his choice of the frugal fare about him. Not that his appetite was ever satisfied, even when he extended his explorations to the beach at night, digging in the sand with his fingers for cockles, or prowling about the rocks for mussels.

Yet, despite all, he hugged to his breast a compensating sense of liberty; the biting tooth of autumn was preferable to the stripes and tongue-lashings of the old life; and, if now frugal repasts were the rule, hunger had often been his lot in the past. So he assimilated with his surroundings; learned not to fear the animals, and, they, to know him; indeed, they seemed to recognize him by that sharp unsated glint of the eye as one of their kind. When the days grew bleaker and the nights colder, he took refuge in a corner within the gray walls of the moss-grown castle of his ancestors, the old Seigneur's. No cheerful place, above all at night, when the spirits of the dead seem to walk abroad, and sobs, moans, and fierce voices fill the air! Then, creeping closer to the fire he had started in the giant hearth, wide-eyed he would listen, only at length through sheer weariness to fall asleep. Nevertheless, it was a shelter, and here, throughout the winter, the boy remained.

Here, too, Sanchez, the Seigneur's old servant, returning months later from long wanderings to the vicinity of the Mount—for no especial reason, save the desire once more to see the place—had found him. And at the sight the man frowned.

In the later days, the Seigneur Desaurac had become somewhat unkindly, if not forgetful, of his own flesh and blood. It may be that the absorbing character of the large and chivalrous motives that animated him left little disposition or leisure for private concerns; at any rate, he seemed seldom to have thought, much less spoken, of that "hostage of fortune" he had left behind; an absent-mindedness that in no wise surprised the servant—which, indeed, met the man's full, unspoken approval! The Seigneur's master, was a nobleman of untarnished ancestry, to be followed and served; the son—Sanchez had never forgiven the mother her low-born extraction. He was, himself, a peasant!

(To be continued.)

rocky isles to the northwest, haunts of privateers, rogues and those reformers who already were beginning to undermine the peace of Louis XVI.'s northern provinces. In the pursuit of these gentry, the Governor showed himself in earnest. Perhaps his own sorrow at the rather sudden death of his lady, occurring about this time, and leaving him, a morose widower, with a child, a little girl, led him to more relentless activities; perhaps the character of the crime—a noble stabbed!—incensed him. Certainly he revenged himself to the full; not only raked the rocks for runagates, but dragged peasants, inclined to sullenness, from their huts; clapped some in dungeons and hanged the rest.

In the popular mind his name became synonymous with cruelty, but, on his high throne, he continued to exercise his autocratic prerogative and cared not what the people thought.

Meanwhile, the Seigneur Desaurac, recovering, became a prey to greater restlessness; no sooner was he able to get about, than, accompanied by a faithful servant, Sanchez, he left the neighborhood, and, for a number of years, led a migratory existence in continental capitals. The revolt of the colonies in America and the news of the contemplated departure of the brave Lafayette for the seat of hostilities, offered, at least, a pretext to break the fetters of a purposeless life. At once he placed his sword at Lafayette's disposal, and packed himself and servant—a fellow of dog-like fidelity—across the ocean. There, at the seat of war's alarms, in the great conflict waged in the name of liberty, he met a soldier's end, and, having dutifully performed this last task, walked away from the grave and of the army.

During this while the son by the peasant woman, entrusted to an old fishwife who had been allowed to usurp a patch of his father's lands, received scanty care and attention, even when the stipulated fees for his maintenance had continued to come; but when, at the Seigneur's death, they ceased, any slight solatium to the caretaker's part sored to acrimony. An offspring of dubious parentage, she begrudged him his bread; kept him from her own precious brood, and taught them to address him

as "brat," "pauper," or by terms even more forcible. Thus set upon, frequently he fought; but like young wolves, hunting in packs, they worried him to the earth, and, when he continued to struggle, beat him to unconsciousness, if not submission.

One day, after such an experience at the hands of those who had mistaken of the Seigneur's liberality, the boy, all bruised and aching, fled to the woods, and, with the instinct of an animal to hide, buried himself in its deepest recesses. Night came; encompassed by strange sounds, unknown terrors, he crept to the verge of the forest, and lying there, looked out across the distance toward the scattered habitations, visible through the gloom. One tiny yellow dot of light which he located held his glance. Should he return? That small stone hut, so quiet as it was, had been his only remembered home. But the thought of the reception that awaited him there made him hesitate; the stars coming out, seemed to lend courage to his resolution, and, with his face yet turned toward the low long strip of land, sprinkled with the faint, receding points of light, he fell asleep.

The earliest shafts of morn, however, awaking him, sent him quickly back into the dark forest, where all day he kept to the most shadowy screens and covers, fearing he should be followed, and, perhaps, captured. But the second night was like the first, the next like the second, and the days continued to pass with no signs of pursuit. Placed by hunger, certain of the berries and roots he ate, he seemed to have found a new life; but his sufferings and learned to discriminate in his choice of the frugal fare about him. Not that his appetite was ever satisfied, even when he extended his explorations to the beach at night, digging in the sand with his fingers for cockles, or prowling about the rocks for mussels.

Yet, despite all, he hugged to his breast a compensating sense of liberty; the biting tooth of autumn was preferable to the stripes and tongue-lashings of the old life; and, if now frugal repasts were the rule, hunger had often been his lot in the past. So he assimilated with his surroundings; learned not to fear the animals, and, they, to know him; indeed, they seemed to recognize him by that sharp unsated glint of the eye as one of their kind. When the days grew bleaker and the nights colder, he took refuge in a corner within the gray walls of the moss-grown castle of his ancestors, the old Seigneur's. No cheerful place, above all at night, when the spirits of the dead seem to walk abroad, and sobs, moans, and fierce voices fill the air! Then, creeping closer to the fire he had started in the giant hearth, wide-eyed he would listen, only at length through sheer weariness to fall asleep. Nevertheless, it was a shelter, and here, throughout the winter, the boy remained.

Here, too, Sanchez, the Seigneur's old servant, returning months later from long wanderings to the vicinity of the Mount—for no especial reason, save the desire once more to see the place—had found him. And at the sight the man frowned.

In the later days, the Seigneur Desaurac had become somewhat unkindly, if not forgetful, of his own flesh and blood. It may be that the absorbing character of the large and chivalrous motives that animated him left little disposition or leisure for private concerns; at any rate, he seemed seldom to have thought, much less spoken, of that "hostage of fortune" he had left behind; an absent-mindedness that in no wise surprised the servant—which, indeed, met the man's full, unspoken approval! The Seigneur's master, was a nobleman of untarnished ancestry, to be followed and served; the son—Sanchez had never forgiven the mother her low-born extraction. He was, himself, a peasant!

(To be continued.)

rocky isles to the northwest, haunts of privateers, rogues and those reformers who already were beginning to undermine the peace of Louis XVI.'s northern provinces. In the pursuit of these gentry, the Governor showed himself in earnest. Perhaps his own sorrow at the rather sudden death of his lady, occurring about this time, and leaving him, a morose widower, with a child, a little girl, led him to more relentless activities; perhaps the character of the crime—a noble stabbed!—incensed him. Certainly he revenged himself to the full; not only raked the rocks for runagates, but dragged peasants, inclined to sullenness, from their huts; clapped some in dungeons and hanged the rest.

In the popular mind his name became synonymous with cruelty, but, on his high throne, he continued to exercise his autocratic prerogative and cared not what the people thought.

Meanwhile, the Seigneur Desaurac, recovering, became a prey to greater restlessness; no sooner was he able to get about, than, accompanied by a faithful servant, Sanchez, he left the neighborhood, and, for a number of years, led a migratory existence in continental capitals. The revolt of the colonies in America and the news of the contemplated departure of the brave Lafayette for the seat of hostilities, offered, at least, a pretext to break the fetters of a purposeless life. At once he placed his sword at Lafayette's disposal, and packed himself and servant—a fellow of dog-like fidelity—across the ocean. There, at the seat of war's alarms, in the great conflict waged in the name of liberty, he met a soldier's end, and, having dutifully performed this last task, walked away from the grave and of the army.

During this while the son by the peasant woman, entrusted to an old fishwife who had been allowed to usurp a patch of his father's lands, received scanty care and attention, even when the stipulated fees for his maintenance had continued to come; but when, at the Seigneur's death, they ceased, any slight solatium to the caretaker's part sored to acrimony. An offspring of dubious parentage, she begrudged him his bread; kept him from her own precious brood, and taught them to address him

as "brat," "pauper," or by terms even more forcible. Thus set upon, frequently he fought; but like young wolves, hunting in packs, they worried him to the earth, and, when he continued to struggle, beat him to unconsciousness, if not submission.

One day, after such an experience at the hands of those who had mistaken of the Seigneur's liberality, the boy, all bruised and aching, fled to the woods, and, with the instinct of an animal to hide, buried himself in its deepest recesses. Night came; encompassed by strange sounds, unknown terrors, he crept to the verge of the forest, and lying there, looked out across the distance toward the scattered habitations, visible through the gloom. One tiny yellow dot of light which he located held his glance. Should he return? That small stone hut, so quiet as it was, had been his only remembered home. But the thought of the reception that awaited him there made him hesitate; the stars coming out, seemed to lend courage to his resolution, and, with his face yet turned toward the low long strip of land, sprinkled with the faint, receding points of light, he fell asleep.

The earliest shafts of morn, however, awaking him, sent him quickly back into the dark forest, where all day he kept to the most shadowy screens and covers, fearing he should be followed, and, perhaps, captured. But the second night was like the first, the next like the second, and the days continued to pass with no signs of pursuit. Placed by hunger, certain of the berries and roots he ate, he seemed to have found a new life; but his sufferings and learned to discriminate in his choice of the frugal fare about him. Not that his appetite was ever satisfied, even when he extended his explorations to the beach at night, digging in the sand with his fingers for cockles, or prowling about the rocks for mussels.

Yet, despite all, he hugged to his breast a compensating sense of liberty; the biting tooth of autumn was preferable to the stripes and tongue-lashings of the old life; and, if now frugal repasts were the rule, hunger had often been his lot in the past. So he assimilated with his surroundings; learned not to fear the animals, and, they, to know him; indeed, they seemed to recognize him by that sharp unsated glint of the eye as one of their kind. When the days grew bleaker and the nights colder, he took refuge in a corner within the gray walls of the moss-grown castle of his ancestors, the old Seigneur's. No cheerful place, above all at night, when the spirits of the dead seem to walk abroad, and sobs, moans, and fierce voices fill the air! Then, creeping closer to the fire he had started in the giant hearth, wide-eyed he would listen, only at length through sheer weariness to fall asleep. Nevertheless, it was a shelter, and here, throughout the winter, the boy remained.

Here, too, Sanchez, the Seigneur's old servant, returning months later from long wanderings to the vicinity of the Mount—for no especial reason, save the desire once more to see the place—had found him. And at the sight the man frowned.

In the later days, the Seigneur Desaurac had become somewhat unkindly, if not forgetful, of his own flesh and blood. It may be that the absorbing character of the large and chivalrous motives that animated him left little disposition or leisure for private concerns; at any rate, he seemed seldom to have thought, much less spoken, of that "hostage of fortune" he had left behind; an absent-mindedness that in no wise surprised the servant—which, indeed, met the man's full, unspoken approval! The Seigneur's master, was a nobleman of untarnished ancestry, to be followed and served; the son—Sanchez had never forgiven the mother her low-born extraction. He was, himself, a peasant!

(To be continued.)

rocky isles to the northwest, haunts of privateers, rogues and those reformers who already were beginning to undermine the peace of Louis XVI.'s northern provinces. In the pursuit of these gentry, the Governor showed himself in earnest. Perhaps his own sorrow at the rather sudden death of his lady, occurring about this time, and leaving him, a morose widower, with a child, a little girl, led him to more relentless activities; perhaps the character of the crime—a noble stabbed!—incensed him. Certainly he revenged himself to the full; not only raked the rocks for runagates, but dragged peasants, inclined to sullenness, from their huts; clapped some in dungeons and hanged the rest.

In the popular mind his name became synonymous with cruelty, but, on his high throne, he continued to exercise his autocratic prerogative and cared not what the people thought.

Meanwhile, the Seigneur Desaurac, recovering, became a prey to greater restlessness; no sooner was he able to get about, than, accompanied by a faithful servant, Sanchez, he left the neighborhood, and, for a number of years, led a migratory existence in continental capitals. The revolt of the colonies in America and the news of the contemplated departure of the brave Lafayette for the seat of hostilities, offered, at least, a pretext to break the fetters of a purposeless life. At once he placed his sword at Lafayette's disposal, and packed himself and servant—a fellow of dog-like fidelity—across the ocean. There, at the seat of war's alarms, in the great conflict waged in the name of liberty, he met a soldier's end, and, having dutifully performed this last task, walked away from the grave and of the army.

During this while the